

A *Wilton house*

NEASTE OF VVASPES

LATELIE FOVND

*out and discovered in the Low-
countreys, yealding as*

*sweete hony as some of our
English bees.*



AT DORT,

Printed in the Low-countreies. 1615.





TO THE
Reader.

G*ive roome hoe; giue roome to my actiue
penn
Oh giue ~~hir~~ roome, sheel laie about hir then.
Mistake hir not; she plaies noe fencers parte,
Shee plaies the Popes; sheel make the whole
world smarte.*

Will. Goddard.

A 3

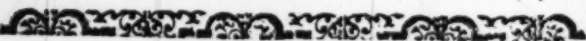
THE





THE COM- MISSION.

A Broade my Waspes, in to the
world goe flie
make knowne your natures to all men
you spie
Search eury creeke, goe flie you round
about
let noe wretche rest vntil y^e aue found
him out,
And hauinge found him, styng him:
None forbear
but stinge em all, for all growne wic-
ked are,
My *Loue* excepte, at which, if some re-
pine
saie thinges you muste not touche that
are de vine





AN EPIGRAM TO
my Epigrams.

1

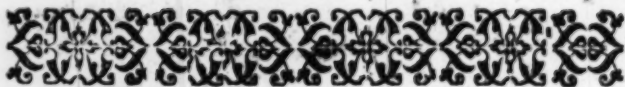


Vficke strike-vp, some livelie quick
Iigg plaic
Hange tunes that runne on ma-
lencollie kaie.
Skippe nowe my verse : light Epi-
grams come skipp.
Like doe on l  wne, come light and
nimblie tripp
Like Catt with mousse come sporte you swiftlie faste
But see like catt you pinche and nipp at laste.

My



GODDARDS



2

My fences standes amaz'd, my hands doe tremble
To think to what I should my loue resemble,
Compare hir to the rose; hir crymson die
Is farr more pure; hir white excells the Iuorie,
Vnto, hir skynn rug'd is the smootheft Iett
The softest downe to it is counterfett
With in hir faces circute there are plac'd,
Two heaunlic sonns, by whom the world is grac'd,
Whose golden beames from-of hir lippes exhales,
That hunnye dewe which Poets Nectar calls
Soe faire is shee, soe sweete, smooth, soft, soe cleere
As on this Earthe naught like hir maie appeare,
Oh what a Matchles Mistresse haue I caught
That iustlie cann compare hir vnto naught

3

Some men Ill censures *Had-land*; calls him Ass
Idle Goose. Vppon him most men passe

But





WASPES.

But not so much for selling of his townes
As vaine lie spending and consuming's crownes
For that a foole hee's held. Nowe I me of mind,
A wiser man a man shall hardlie find
Who hath a crowne; I but one crowne enioies
Must haue a thousand cares. Cares Crownes annoies
Then Hadland's wife, the other Coxcombes are,
For whoo'd keepe crownes since one Crowns full of care.

4

For making, speede, pace, and fire spright
The braue proude Couser should the court delight
His gentle gesture, milde-sterne-state lie grace
Maie gett him loue (I graunt) in eury place
That hee's respected I nere wonder why
It is at Th' Asses, at Asses wonder I
Noe worthe's in th' assie, yet daubd' hee is in gold
And trickt-vp trymmer then proude Iennetts bold
At which I musd and wondred, untill when
I found th' Assie deare and neare to most great men.





GODDARTS.

5

Had I commaund at Court I would cassere
Both all the porters and doore-keepers there
They let too manie beggars in. Tis seene
Ev'n in the prefence there some beggars beene

*Amend it Porters; tis noe seemlie thing
To haue so manie beggars nere the Kinge.*

6

At Court a Beggar to a Porter came
Ope doore quoth hee, I am one crippled lame
The porter annsweres sirrah gett you gone
This is the Court, of Beggars here coms none

*Then lett mee in quoth hee and make noe doubts
I will scarce a courte be shus your beggars out.*

A





WASPES.

7

A chattring Ape mett with a gruntling hogg
Hogg quoth the Ape beware the maystife dogg
Oh Ape quoth th'hogg, hard, oh hards my case
For I doe meete with Doggs in eurye place
Dost soe replies the Ape? What wilt thou giue
And I will teache thee howe shalt feareles live
For sake thy stie and to the lyons Court
From thy base contrye howse doe thou resort
Noe Dogg soe hardie is as once to dare
Presume to make his bold appearaunce there
For the braue lyons nature will not brooke
Vppon a churlish surlie Curr to looke
Beasts of my nature like his nature beste
His frownes wee turne to smiles with some sleight iest
To see vs leape, skipp, make an antik face,

B ij

First





GODDARDS

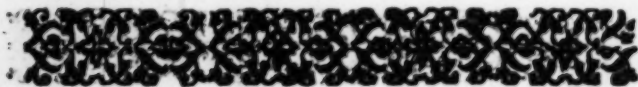
first wonn vs apes in to the lyons grace

*And therefore hogg I de wish thee take my shape
the lyon fauours well the toying ape.*

8

Clownus would court it, nowe his countrie seate
Hee halfe doth loathe, in cloathes hee groweth neate
Dust here mee Clowne for that life thart vnfit
Thy want's a braine; whose there must want noe witt
Hee that would court-it, in the Court would thrive
Must sympathize in nature with these five
In youth hee must bee Ape and Monkey both
The Ape to Imitate what others doth
And like the Monkey hee in lust must burne:
Must stand readye, prick-on at eurye turne
The Foxes nature hee in age must haue:
Must plott. None riseth like your deepe-sculd knaue
Like more beastes yet hee must be: doe you heare?
He must turne Ass; great mēs greates loads must beare
must be an OX: must hugg whogives the horne
Tis noe disgrace for fayours no we thare worne

Clowne



WASPES.

*Clowne, bee still a Clowne, whood chaunge maulie shape
To be an ox, fox, monkey, Ass or Ape?*

9

A Foole t'a wiseman came, Wiseman quoth hee
Ive beene with Fortune who hath blessed mee
My sonne sayde Fortune, thus I blesse thy birthe
Thou shalt enioye the happy'st life on earthe
Thou shalt haue Wealth ease, mirth: thou shalt liue free
Live where thou wilt shalt neuer envy'd bee
Nor shall Mistrust attend thee, Crosse the seas:
forsake the Court; I doe child what you please
Yet it shall like: it shall give noe distaste
Thy deedes thy mother Fortune will haue graste
with that about shee turnd hir, groping-out
To find hir wheel; which found, she turnd about
Allotting mee all pleasures on the earthe
You, life envide: Mistruste poyfning your mirth
*Come Wiseman then; come march in rank with mee
The daungers lesse, yet honourd more you see*

B iij

A



GODDARTS.

10

A godlie Father of the romishe sect
A privie and ahogstie would erect
Workman saide hee looke on this logg of wood
For those two purposes me thinkes 'tis good
The workman seeing tw'ould not serue the turne
Cry'd fir; this is not good enoughe to burne
Howe not to burne the zealous 'father cries?
N oe not to burne the Carpenter replies:
It is such rotten stuff t'wil not bewrought
It is soe knottie ruf tis good for naught
Come come the papiste cries thou wantest witt
Ile haue a god made ant; Ile kneele to it
To it Ile praie: soe will I guild-it ore
As all that see't shal't for a god adore.
What will not make a privie, godes will make
For that vse, of the rottenst thinges wee take
*Therefore to make my privie finde some good
And Ile wake godes of this my rotten wood.*

Before



W ASPES.

II

Before his *Holines* three tutors came
The firste was one giv'n all to whore and game
The second vnto drinke was givn-ore soe
As sober to his bedde he'ed neuer goe
The third a murthrer was giv'n all toth stabb
These comming to that babalonian drabb
(after greate revrence to his sacred knee)
They humblye craue that they might pardond be
Your sinns are greate his holines doth crie
Wee doe confesse it father they replie
But as our sinns are grea te our meanes is greate
Father quoth they with anngells wee haue mett
Which anngells told vs that yov lou'd em soe
As anie thinge for their sweete sakes youd doe
Therefore, for what w'aue done, wee mercie craue
For those good Anngells sakes letts pardon haue

*Pleades Angells for you quoth the Pope? naie then
I must forgive. Anngells haue powre o're men.*

B iijj

Idc





GODDARDS.

12

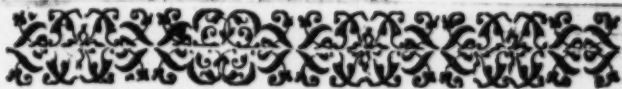
Ide haue a plaie could I but to my mind
 Good actors gett; but thats' not now to find
 For (oh) thare dead; this age afordeth none,
 Good actors all longe since are dead and gone
 For beggars parte a Courtyer I would haue
 A Courtyers parte your scoller act-would braue
 You souldyer should your scoller act. But yit
 To plaie the kinglie parte hee is more fitt
 Nowe for the foole I haue an exlent one
 Oh for that parte giue mee your merchancts sonne
 To act the whore; tutt thats a common parte
 Eache girle of twelue yeares old can do ot with arte
 But oh the Diuell! I am graueld nowe
 To finde a Divell out I knowe nor howe
 And with out one my plaie shall nere come forth
 For with out Divells, plaies are nothing worth
Mas I haue thought of one for gold heel come
An exlent actor is the Pope of Rome,

13

Fryer quoth the Diuelles thou standst my freind
 In'e caste awaie; my daies are at an end

Nowe





WASPES.

Nowe god defend the fryer faith; for then
 Wee fryars should bee left fatherles poore men
 As for my frendshipp, doubt mee of noe evill
 Faithfull fryers nere false-are to the divell
 Therefore make knowne your case; be bold, reveale
 Our order can your secretts best conceale
 Then knowe it fryer, in loue, in loue I am
 To thee for counsell in that case I came
 A Nunn I loue, without I haue a Nunn
 Tell all the world the Divell is vndone

*Loue you a Nunn: a Nunn ist you desire
 Take my shape on you; Nunns denys noe fryer.*

14

At hells wide gates a souldyer once did stand
 His reason was to veiue th' infernall band
 But as hee lea'nd to see eache troope passe by
 Hee taken-was and doubted for some spie
 What makst thou here? what art the divell cryes?
 A Martialliste; a souldyer hee replies
 The multitude of Monkes and fryers there
 At name of souldyer, thus cry'de-out with feare
 Oh divell, if thou dost loue vs conuaie
 That souldyer hence: withs passe pack him awaie

C

In



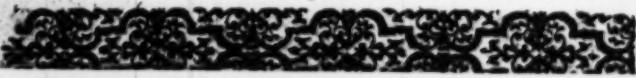
WASPES.

In quiet else wee nothing here shall doe
Theil vse our gods, our holie sisters too
And therefore out with him, tis fowle abuse
Yf anie but oue selues doe those things vse
This is the Cloister we allotted are
Therefore from vs all souldyers out debarr
Children the Divell cry'd yf it bee foe
That hee's a souldyer: hath naught with mee to doe
Nor I with him, God did ordaine their birth
Not hell to trouble, but to vex the earthe
My charge lies heere: their'es on the earthe: both hath
A charge to shewe men our greate Maisters wrath
Souldyers, mens bodies are to fall vpon
I, on the soule, to see sharpe tortures done
Who for their paines in heaun aboue must dwell
And I for mine, belowe in this darke hell
And therefore out hee shall, too's heaun Ile send him
Which yf hee likes not else where lett him mend him
*Soe out from hell the souldyer straight was throwne
Since when in hell a souldyer nere was knowne.*

15

I praietell mee my fortune sir: I am
A Beggar wench; to you for that I cam

A



W ASPES.

A beggar wench the Fortune-teller cries?
Indeed I am the beggar-wench replies
Then knowe it wench quoth hee thy Fortunes good
And these three babes shal springe from thy bale bloud
Two bratts one beggar shall begett of thee
Both of them Kinghts and both shall Courtiers bee
Naie yet an other sonn thou shalt emoye
A Iugler shall begett of thee a boie
This shall a lawyer bee, and shall in tyme
With's Iugliug tricks vp to high turrets clime
Thou hearst thy Fortune wench: be gone quoth hee
It Ioies mee much, I thank you for't quoth shee
Yet ere I doe departe praie lett mee craue
Yf these bee all the sonns I'me like to haue
For trulie sir my mynd doth giue me yit
I shall haue one son more; who shall in witt
And valour th'rest as farr surpasse
As steedes in couradge doe the fillie Ass
My mind doth giue me sir I shall bring forth
A sprightfull souldyer one of matchles worth
A souldyer whose quoth hee: ont baggadg hase
A souldyer cannot spring from beggars race.

16

Plorus your wife let tenn — in one night
One of those tenn you knowes the Parsons right
C ij Why





GODDARDS.

Why pay't him then; thou knowst a barlie strawe
Will make a parish parson goe to lawe

*Paye him his ——— oh pry thee lest him ha'te
Lesse thinges then ——— will stirr them to debate,*

17

Tis faide that Idelnes doth mischeefe breed
And soe i t doth; that sayings true indeed
Then Parish parsons you are nowe a daies
The onelie men that doe deserue best praise
For lawyers would growe Idle, did not you
Stirr your parish to sett them taskes to doe
A blessed worke; a deed well worthy noate
A thing besitting best, men of your coate

*I doe applande the deede; and lawyers shall
Stand bare to you, shall you theire maisters call.*

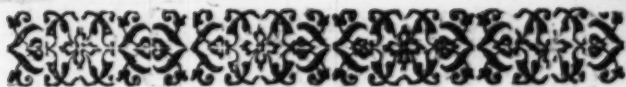
18

Benefio, benefis, benefit
Ide conster thus yf I should English it
I doe well; so's english't benefio
Benefis, a benefize to buy ho

*For though I'ue neither learning nor good witt
Yet buy a benefice Ile benefit.*

Oh





WASPES.

19

Oh Deate th'art wrongd! abused in our land
Thy office Deathe is wrested out thy hand
Vnto thy office Death it doth belonge
T'vnloose that sacred knott god tyed soe stronge
God did ordaine thee Deathe, and onelye thee
T'vnloose that knot, bu't nowe more Deathes there bee.

20

A Iudge t'a surgeon came, surgeon quoth hee
My arme is sore, what ist soe payneth mee?
The surgeon looking on it, sir hee cryes
Oh much corruption in your arme there lies
A poore man by, cryes surgeon vnderstand
T'is not in's arme, corrupted is his hand.

21

A Bedrid man before a Iudge was brought
The Iudge biddes stand- vp sirrah as you ought
Oh sir, nor goe, nor sitt, nor stand can I
I am your freind praie give me leaue to lie
Art thou my freind quoth hee & then lie thy fill
a Iudg gives all his freindes leaue to lie still.

C iij

Were





GODDARDS.

22

Were I to choose a Captaine, I would than
Not choose your courtyer or a youth full man
Noe I would choose a Iudge; one grym and graue
To make a Captaine such a man Id'e haue

*Giue mee that man whose frowning browe is deathe
I such a one as cann kill men with breashe.*

23

Younge Lawyers Cubs (spruse studentes term'd by
some)

To you as humble futor I doe come
My sure is this you'l send mee from yovr Inns
Some of you old flye-pated foxes skynns
Weel make drumms heades of them: in doinge foe
I knowe by th'cares our foes and we shal goe

*Praie send vs some; wee all will thank you then;
I knowe theire skynns to braules will stirr-up men.*

24

Clarke quoth the Counsellor I must ride downe
What shall I doe, ther'es not one horse in towne?
Why sir replies the Clarke, that is noe lack
In steed of horse bestride some Clyentes back

Al



GODDARDS.

Al though an Asse vn seemelie is in showe
Yet hee treads sure, and whipp him on, heel goe
*Befride a Clyent sir, hee shall not tire
Il'e spurr him on, vnto your owne desire.*

25

A Woman to a Lawyer came, sir quoth shee
Beseeche your doe a fauour vnto mee
What wouldst thou haue the man a lawe replies?
O sir your helping hand the good wife cryes
For god sake sir quoth shee let me entreate
Youl make my husbandes smale thing very great
*The saie of nothing lawyers can great matters make
Therefore I prais sir this thing vnder take.*

26

A Chauncery Clyent hauing spent his summs
Vnto a vsring broker sneaking comes
Broker saide hee t'is told me by a freind
That you vppon a sute good gold will lend
I haue a sute, faire, stronge, but very deare
One that I've worne almost this twentie yeare
Which yet is freshe as when I firste did weare. it

C iiiiij

Twij



GODDARDS

T'will weare-out me'till I've noe strength to beare it.
A sute foe lastinge stronge thother replies?
He deale for it: where is it sir hee cries?
Why in the Chauncrye replies the clowne
There carelely my sutes throwne vp and downe
And therefore praie sir ridd me oft: The saie
Men of your trade soone ridd mens sutes awaie
The Broker scornfullie fram him goes forth
And tells him those old sutes are little worth,

27

An old bald-pated graue graie-bearded sire
Stole to a wench to quench his lustes desire
shee askt him what profession hee might bee
I am a Civell lawyer girle quoth hee
A Civell lawyer sir? you make mee muse
Your talkes too broade for cyvell men to vse
Tf Civell lawyers are such bawdy men
Oh what (quoth shee) are other lawyers then?

28

Take leases ho, You that haue hanfome wines
Good husbandes plaie, take leases for their lives
For If your wives but faire and hanfom bee

Phi-





WASPES.

Phisitians will warrant em for yee
If they but feele theire pulse, then doubt noe lives
Il'e warrant you theile warrannt then your wiues

*By arte to women they cann put in life
He'es sure to gett that lets them warrants' wife.*

29

Three sortes of Folkes there are which haue a trick
Gold out of men and womens tailes to pick
Your Panda'rs one, the second of these three
Is one which nightlie scoures things priuylee
*I de name the third and last sorte of these men
But all Phisitians I should anger then.*

30

Lye thus (the Fencer cryes,) thus must you guard
Thus must you slipp, thus poynte, thus passe, thus ward
And yf youd kill him fir, this trick learne then
With this same trick you maie kill manie men
A Doctor standing by, cryes Fencing Foole
Both you and hee, to mee, maie come to schoole
*Thou dost but prate: my doedes shall shoue my skill
Where thou hurtst one, a hundred I do kill.*

D

If





GODDARDS.

31

If warre should cease & tyme of peace should growe
I would Phisitian turne: that course Id'e goe
Soe might I keepe my handes in vre; and still
Some one or other eu'rye daie might kill
*Oh Id'e growe subtil, I would learne the trick
To make a sick man sound, a sound man sick.*

32

Are you returnd my waspes? I cannot see
Howe manie men soe soone should stingd bee
This world is spacious wide: tis roundlie large
Soe soone then howe could you my charge discharge
Therefor





GODDARDS

Hath hee on whores consumd his landes and stock?
 Beene brought to bedd, deliv' red of the pock?
 Lost'es haire from's heade? losste th'ead of you know
 what?

Yf he those scapes haue had, and hath losste that
Oh praie then let him passe: lets him enioye
This famous title; yon's a Roringe boie.

36

Wouldst thou turne Rorer boye? wouldst growe in
 fashon

Learne this garbe then, shalt gaine faire reputatio n
 To bacco take; run in each mercers score
 Visitt plaies, be seene to court thy whore
 Laughe at learning; call preachers sheepe ishe men
 schollers asses: stick not nowe and then
 To censure deedes of Kinges. Naie gainst gods deytie
 Be bold to belche forth broadest blasphemie
 Must keepe a catta logue: must haue the name
 Of eury merchannts wife which is of fame
 Must slannder all; the fairest dames muste staine
 Must saie with conntesses, with queenes thaft laine
 Muste bee noe coward: thy selfe must prouddie carye
 Muste mouthe-it stoutelie in eache ordynarye
 Where, yf but of thy losses thy tongue walke

Muste





WASPES.

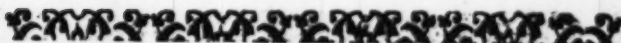
Muste of noe lesse a losse then hundreds talke
 Must learne to lie; muste learne thy lie to face
 And lastelie howe to sweare *God dam the:* with a
 grace

*Learne these younge boie, great man thou shalt be then,
 Who doe these ill thinges well must needes bee men.*

37

Furious Hott-spurr, a reason pry thee yeild
 Why thou soe fightst; why thou goste soe in feild
 If after bloude thy drye soule soe doth thrifte?
 Remember *Cayn* howe god that murthrer curst
 But tell me Hott-spurr, wherein doste thou gaine
 When thou in feilde thy cuemye haste slaine?
 Thy venter's muche: Ist' bee but to gett bloude
 Then tell mee (being gott) wherefore ist good?
 Thou canst not canst? I tell thee thou vaine goose
 Thou hazardst bodie howe thy soule to loole
 This blood once spilte doth not like bodies die
 But that reviuies and vp to th'cauns doth flie
 Where to the lord it pointes out that black deed
 Crying-out for vengeance, vengeance lord with speed
*Foole sheathe thy sworde; avoide sond privat braules
 Our blades should sleepe untill our countrie calles.*

D iij Gooden-



GODDARDS.

38

Gooden-dagh *Butter-boxe*: I vnderstand
Thou dost in-habitt in the Netherland
I pry thee *Smeere-chopps* doth not he which buyes
A thing cald wife there, paie for hir excise?
Who buyes an ox, a cowe, or such like beaste
Paies for hir hornes, hide, fleshe, excise at leaste
Hee knowes not when shees bought: beside the Boore
He must betall the gelt to twentie more

*I pry thee Butter-boxe make mee so wise
As knowe, yf men maie wine, nor paie excise.*

39

Dutchmen should paie (yf they did paie their due)
A taxe for cu'rye chymney old and newe
Then honest Dutchmen, praye nowe lett me axe
Why for your womens tayles you paie noe taxe?
Yf those are chymneys where folkes fyers make?
Then your wiues tayles for chymneys I doe take.

*For there are Fiers, Fyers there they daile keepe:
And therefore paie your dues; those chymneys sweepe.*

De-



WASPES.

40

Demaund you why or'e stoues Dutch-women sitts?
Oh strange! praic why doe you putt meate on spitts?
Is't not to roste the same? nere wonder then:
For soe they sitt to roste meate for their men
*Althoughe their men all daie on hodgepodge ease
Yet in the night they cloye them with broaste meate.*

41

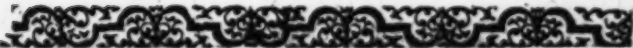
Water they saie will not wild-fyer quench
Then wild-fire in thy stoue thou bearest dutch-wench
For yf by water it would quenched bee
Then out it would; soe waterd tis by thee
*But why it wil not out, I nowe doe knowe
Thy bellowes wench; they alwaies puff and blowe.*

42

In Holland, Zealand, all the Netherlands
Younge men with maides (allnight) walk handes in
handes
In darkest night, to walk, they moste delight

D iijj

For





GODDARDS.

For doinge which, some doe applaude their sight
They needs not do't; they see as other men
For when tis darke they goe by feeling then.

43

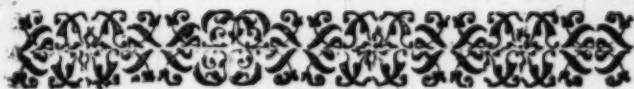
A Huntsman and his Dogg did latelie come
 To the lowecountreys from their English home
 Oh Dogg quoth hee (I speake' with griefe of harte)
 Wee one from tother shalbe for'cd to parte
 I shall not able-bee to give thee meate
 Nowe bones and paringes I my selfe must eate
 Why sir (replies the Dogg?) I hope not soe
 I cann and will your maisters pleasure shoue
Pleasure quoth hee? If thou wilt them delight
Thou must shoue proffit Dogg, or learn to fight.

44

A messenger from the'auns was latelie sent
 T'envite poore tradefmen vnto merriment
 Bruers, Taylors, and cookes (amongst the reste)
 Envited' were vnto that solenm feaste
 But they being verye busie annswerd thus
 Oh messenger saide they excuse thou vs
 Our leasure will not serue vs there to goe
 The Divell here on earth employes vs soe

My





WASPES.

My Contry'es French the Taylor cries: and I
Must liue there-in else Frenchmen straight will die
As th'ynglishe nation doe theire bellies cramm
Soe wee our backs: To them a nurse I am
I'me Englishe quoth the Cooke: my Nation looks
For naught but meate, good stomacks and good cookes
Therefore should I to heaun; my Country men
Could not devise howe they should surfett then
I'me Dutch the Bruer cries, and should I clyme
A boue the cloudes before prefixed tyme
Our nations soules beneath the hells pitt would sincke
For dead their hartes growe when they want good
drinke

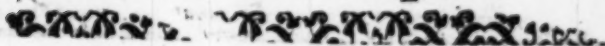
*Therefore tell God the Diuell staies vs here
To keepe our nations from ascending there.*

45

When *Foxe-furr* walkes, he treads the formallst pace
When *Foxe-furr* talkes, hee talkes with grauest grace
Hee licks not's lipps, nor pickes his fingers endes
But to formality each motion tendes
In all thinges *Foxe-furs* formall; I, his nose
At all times with formallitie hee blowes
At meate (at mouthe) hee formallie breakes winde
From meate as formallie hee breakes behind

*Oh since graue Foxe-furr cann saie I and noe
Howe a sheere-towne Mayor maie passe I trow.*

E



Aske Crafte the Merchante whether hee doth walke;
Why to th'exchaunge quoth hee t'exchaunge some
talke

Askes' ietting wife; his lispig prettie bride
To what greene banck that golden snake doth slide
Shee lispes-out, *to my garden trulie sir:*
But wott you what t'is thither draweth hir?
Oh sir, thats hir exchaunge: shee walketh there
Tex'change hir bodie, in the open aire

*Hir prensizeth there, his maisters factor proues
And choppes such wares as merchantes wiues best loues.*

You Sailors, yf you'l wealthy-growe, and thrive,
Steere suche a course as you maie fairelie wiue
Gett you but bewtious wiues, and you shall see
Againste your comming home thei'le loaded bee
*I, costom-free your merchanntes loaden will
And with best wares your wiues ware-houses fill.*

While *Sea-horse* galloppe ouer gulfes and sandes
Entending to discouer vnknowne landes
At home hee leaues his marchannt with his wife
Who sailes with hir yet nere aduenters life
Nowe on a ruffe waues back his friggot daunceth
Anon t'a vaultie hollowe downe it channeth
Nowe is shee toste; anon turnd o're and ouer:
Vnder nowe; a non shee manlie doth recouer
& thus on lande strannge straightes hee seekes to find
Runing his course soe longe as good's his ride
In hir bee rows; but all's discou'ries maie

Ther'es three thinges makes me thiak that cittie wi-
ues

Are least infected with these papiste liues
The firste is this; they keepe noe hollidaies
For then they are most occupyde men saies
The second is, to see them croste t'is rare
For Townsmens wiues but sildom crossed are
The third is this (this often hath beene tryde)
Fastinge, and prayers they cannot well abide

*Ill Nunns they'd make, for who of late did see
A London girll that did vowe chastetee?*

A fouldyer, Lawyer, and a Cytizen
In thicke wide Forreste (once these wandering men)
Had loste them selues, but Fortune did provide
For each of these a beaste to bee his guide
Vnto the fouldyer (with a mild-maiestick grace)
A princelie Lyon gentlye bent his pace
Vnto the Lawyer did the subtill Foxe
Two to the Townsman went, the Ass the Oxe
Each telling in their language, howe that they
Would teache of them a guider bee in's waie
The firste the Lyon thanks; thother the ox
The Townsman thanks and folloves th'ASSE & thoxe

*But most ingratefull hee (in humane borne)
Robbes the mild asse of's witt, and th'oxe of's horne.*

I't not a braue life hoe to serue a Lorde?
Its naught but trusse his pointes and waite at's borde
A man shalbee assu'rd enoughe to eate
Yf hee cathe bones which hath enoughe of meate
*The life hath ease; a man neede neuer stirr
Lesse when's Lorde — s' aske, doe you call mee fir,*

GODDARDS

52

Had I a thousand girles noe care I'de take
For those my girles, portions to scrape or rake .
I'de make em chamber maides; or else they should
Bee wayting gentlewomen If I could

*Were they not then card'-for'-then yf they will
Vnder theire lordes they maie bee getting still.*

53

Is't not straunge that Townsmen daielie eates
Fatt uenison as oft as other meates?
Noe, tis not straunge; for theire sweete wiues may haue
As manie warrants as thei'le euer craue
Pure soules! if they but lispe-out *praye my Lord*
Giue me a warrant; tha'ue it at firste worde

*Lordes are kinde to giue; and a Cittie dame
To begg a warrant neuer holdes it shame*

54

Nowe good sir Iohn (the beggar cryes) I praie
Bestowe your worships almes on mee to daie
Releeue my wantes quoth hee; I am your brother
Wee borne-are one to helpe and ayde an other

My



WASPES.

My brother quoth Sr. Iohn? poore wretched wight!
Why thou mistakest me, I am a knight
I know't quoth hee; but harke you kinde sir Iohn
Ther'es manie a knight kinn to the beggar man.

55

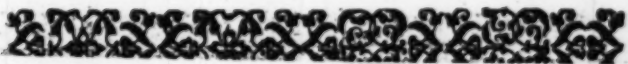
Late did I take a knight on Beggar wench
Hee was on fire; twas shee the flame must quench
The Beggar-wenche I askt yf shee did like
Better with knightes, then with poore beggars strike
Faith sir quoth shee yf I shall speake but right
I finde as one, she Beggar and the knight.

56

Nowe god bee with old *Chuff*; avouch't I cann
That graie side-coated swadd dyed a good man
Yet dailie heed' bee drunck: naie this is more
The riche old churle for each daie kept a whore
Yet not-withstanding I doe tell noe lie
In saying *Chuff* did a right goodman die
Praie speake; maie not the knight his sonn bee glad,
In that for father hee a good-man had.

E iij

Praie



GODDARDS.

57

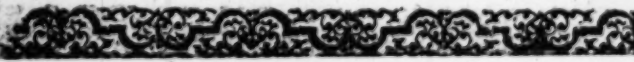
Praie wronge not *Late-coynd*; giue the man his right
Hee's made a gentleman although noe knight
Hath hee not bought a kinghts old cloathes? why than
Late-coynd I hope is made gentleman
For nowe tis cloathes the gentleman doth make
Men from gaie cloathes theire pedigrees doe take
But wott you what's the armes to such mens howse
Why this, hands chafinge of a rampant Lowse.

58

What shall wee thinke nowe of the *Iack-dawes* state:
Is not that Fowle becom a Potentate?
The Eagles how se of stickes and strawes are built
Free from vaine pompe; not burnist ore with guilt
But Dawes haue built em howses wondrous faire
With proude pyramides t'out-braue the aire
Blame not the Dawe to leaue base, strawes to peck:
Tou see whose nowe the Iacke-dawes archytest.

59

Why laughe you at Iack-dawes? I cannot see
But that Iacke-dawe's both wife and honest bee
Honest



WASPES.

Honest in this: howf keeping they vphold;
They keepe good howfes as in daies of old.
And herein wise: Greate men greate howfes make
But Iackdawes straight possession of them take
Thare wise and honeste, and to outward shoue
They are deuoute; to Church they dailie goe
Longe maie'they liue. For Iack-dawes I will praie;
Were Iackdawes dead, howf keeping would decaie.

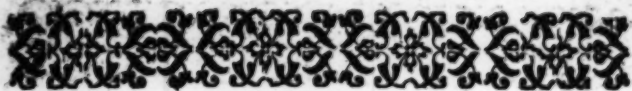
60

Dost heare mee Iacke-dawe? thou doste saucie growe:
Gett better manners; learne thy selfe to knowe,
Howe dar'st thou lett-it to the Eagles courte?
Thou art too bold; why there doth none resort
But birdes of noblest partes. There doth fall
The soying Faulcon which soe praies on all
The Peacock with his riche embrodred plumes
Spreades there his taile; high place he there asumes
The Nitingall singes there, and nowe and than
There falls a turtle Doue, a milke-white Swan.
Awaie thou foolishe dawe, seeke not t'aspire
Keepe thou thy countrie howse; perke-vp noe hire
Oryf thou needes must change, seeke-out the Gull

E iij

Cuckee,





GODDARDS.

*Cuckoe; woodcock; eache Cittie of them's full
Exchange with them: Cittie Cuckoes lone
To flie a broad: eache summer they remoue.*

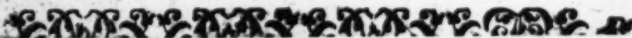
61

England, of Oxen; sheepe, horse, thou haste thy parte
Likewise, with hartes, hindes, buckes; enricht thou art
Plentie of these thou haste : but I doe muse
Noe more wild-bores with in thy boundes doe vse
If Bores of hogges doe come, thou shouldst haue store
Noe land of truer hogs had euer more
*Search court, or country; woodes or Fenny boggs
Alls' one; all places nowe yeildes grunting hoggs.*

62

Sir quoth a Clowne, your father (as wee saie)
Was a good man; yet neuer went soe gaie
His cloathes were such as howsewiues fingers spin
I neuer sawe him strutt it in sattyn
Hee deed good deedes. Twas seld seene from his doore
A man came vnreleivd' that liv'd but poore
The Chymneys of his howse were alwaies sweet
They allwaies smoakt : that she'wd what howse hee
kept

What



WASPES.

What talkst thou of his actes, younge *Make-waste* cries,
Nowe good deedes with the good deed-doer dies
Talk of my acts; I can overthrowe the oake
And make my nostrylls like his chymneys smoake.

63

Prate-well hath courted me; hath wood my witt
Told me for plaies it was exceeding fitt
Would haue mee beate my braines t'instruct & teache
Parrottes and *Mag-pies* howe on stage to preache
Goe Epigram goe annswere thas fond woer'
Tell him I will not: bidd him sue noe more
Soe tell him I will teache noe cranes to stalke
Nor clipp these *Mag-pies* tongues to make em talke
I am noe bearcward; for doe what I can
I cannot make an ape to Imitate a man.

64

Goe to your plaie. howse you shall actors haue
Your baude, your gull, your whore, your pandar knauc
Goe to your bawdie howse, y'aue actors too
As bawdes, and whores, and gulls: pandars also.
Besides, in eyther howse (yf you enquire)

F

A



GODDARDS.

A place there is for men themselues to tire
*Since th' are soe like, to choose ther'es not a pinn
Whether baydye-howse or plaie-howse yon goe in.*

65

But speake I praie, who ist would gess or skann
Fantasmus to be borne a Englishe man?
Hees hatted spanyard-like and bearded to
Rust Italyon-like; pae'd like them also
His hose and doublets' Frenche; his bootes and shoes
Are fashond pole in heeles, but French in toes
*Oh hees complicate! what shall I descant on?
A compleate Foole: noe compleate Englishe man.*

66

Were I a captaine and might choose my men
Flattrers and Parrasits I would choose then
Valyant they bee; they neuer feare the shott
Tha're forwardst still when seruice is most hott
They feare noe shot, Yet such men Flattrers bee
As still yf anie scapes, they scape *shott-free*
*Mistake mee not; misconster not this shott
Th' are shott-free, when seruice in Tavern's hott.*

A



WASPES.

67

A honest Baker lateine did espie
A Scivner preaching on the pillorie
Scrivner hee saide, bequeathethy eares to mee
Though I can heare, yet I want eares quoth hee
*Take them the scrivner cryes to doe thee good
Of Bakers eares or e scrivners heades haue stood.*

68

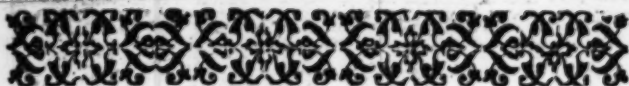
Were I a gallant and could maintaine men
Id'e haue bald-pated laddes t'attend mee then
For men whose pates are bare and bald at topps
Are exlent fitt to keepe Tobacco shoppes
Two thinges vppon a bald crowne on maie doe
That's cutt Tobacco, and well drye-it too
*Theire braines are hott: sheere skulls as thinn as shell
Lay't on the bald-place it will drye it well.*

69

Souldyer (quoth a Iugler) wilt learne of mee?
Ile' teache thee tricks, such, thou didst neuer see
The souldyer sighes, shakes head, and annsweres thus

F ij





GODDARDS.

*A Las, too manye trickes are showne to vs
Tricks on poore souldyers eu'rye Captaine putts:
Slyghts to drawe gold from-out our shrunk-vp gutts
Tis they haue tricks, and therefore Iugling Foole
If thou'lt learne tricks, to them goe thou to schoole.*

70

Captaine (a Scargant cryes), a souldyers dead
What shall bee done? shall hee bee buried?
Howe buried man? thou dost thy office trymm
Firste lett mee make the moste I can of him
Aliue I made the moste of that poore man
I'le nowe as much make of him as I can
If his haire, fleshe, skynn is nothing worthe
Then rypp-out's harte; his verye harte pull forth
*Sell it in Spaine: Folkes of those forraine partes
Will giue good gold for our poore souldyers hartes.*

71

A Scotche and Englishe-man made their request
Vnto the godes that they in heaun might rest
Wee will admytt you both the Godds did crye:
But Scotchman, vnto thee conditionallie.

Th'a-





WASPES.

Th'agreement's this; yf here wee thee estate
Thou must not bee to bold, nor full of prate
Naie, more conditions yet; Thou must not lie
Nor sooth vs vp. Wee Goddes hate flatterie.

72

*Why howe nowe Waspes, are you returnd agen?
I knowe vnstung remaines a world of men
And therefore once more out; make th'other flight
Where yf you find noe men, on women light
Turne taile to them; but mark you what I tell
Sting them not much, too much theire flesh will swell.*

73

My mistresse is not light, yet shynes shee light
Hir bewties beames appeares in darkest night

F iij

If



GODDARDS.

If in the darke'shees light, you must confess
A Dyamond shee is, or little less
Oh shees a Diamond; in Darke shees light
A tutchstone too, and tries yf thinges are right.

74

To gild the heauns, in daie, the golden sunn
Through the cleere skie his course doth proudlie runn
The silv'rye Moone (with thowlands spanglie lights)
Dorh likewise brnish-ore the gloomie nightes
But th'Earth (our sullen damm) to sett hir forth
Noe taper had vntill my mistresse birth
But since hir birth th' Earth maie with th'eauns compare
For to hir Lightnes they but darknes are.

75

Awaie with sicklye wenches (whitelye fac'd)
And those whose heades with amber lockes are grac'd
Those puling creatures are vnfit for men
They crye tha're sick when wee haue neede of them
Wouldst chuse-out one vnto a man most true?
Chuse then out one of cleere deepe-sanguy'nd hue
With black-browne haire: in whose sweete face is sett
Two



WASPES.

Two sparkling lampes; yet black as blackest iett
With dyn^d pled chynn, with lipps pure rubby-redd
This wench a liue shalt find with in thy bedd
I, actiue, nimble: hah; hir stirring spright
Hates sluggishe sleepe. Loues motion all the night
Chuse suche a one; I chuse soe for my parte
Such men should loue; such lone men with their harte.

66

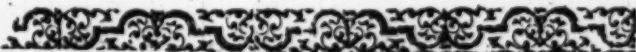
Oh What a bodie hath my ladie there?
Shees straungelie stronge! what burthens shee doth
beare!
Late did a dunghill Carr vppon hir fall
Vnder which shee laie; neuer hurt at all
Oh who but shee could liue, being soe brusht?
T'is wondrous strange hir honours noe more crused.

67

Some Ladies in noe coach or croatche will ride
Vnles tha're dawbd with gold, such shewes their pride
Welfare my Ladye *Constance*, heaunlie starr!
She leaues hir coach-of to ride with a Carr
I with a dunghill Carr nowe doth shee ride
Oh would all Ladies were soe free from pride.

F iij

Poetus





GODDARDS

78

Poetus with fine sonnets painteth forth
This and that fowle ladies, bewties worth
Hee shewes smale witt thereby; and for his paines
(By my consent) hee neuer shall reape gaines
Why what neede Poetts painte them? oh sweet clues!
Why ladies painte their bewties best themselves.

79

When I to Court did come, I musd' to see
The Lordes soe braue. It halfe amazed mee
I did expect the most had mourners beene
All widowers I thought I should haue scene
I did in deed: This reason fort had I
Cause enrye daie their Ladies there doe die.

80

My Ladies teeth are alwaies extream white
Yet fewe knowes howe they come in that faire plight
Shee rubbes em not with ranck tobacco ashes
Nor with pure water, white hir fanges shee washes
Nor ist with water as is stild from rose
Noe hirs distild is from hir owne sweete nose.
For as the tubb receaues each dropp from spout
Soe doth hir mouth from hir still-dropping snoute.

When



WASPES.

81

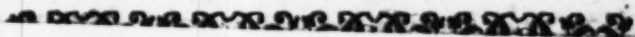
When Maddam *Minsitt* at hir table fitts
Shee seemes to straine to swallowe downe small bitts
If shee but cram a larkes thighe downe hir bellie
Shee Streakes, cryes shees soe full, shee burst- shall wellie
Praise aske hir Foole (shee being out a fight)
What greate bitts then must serue hir appetite
Bitts then indeed, Indeed then in hir bellie
Bitts of a pound, hir foole doth putt-in wellie.

82

Maide quoth my Ladye (as in bedd shee lies)
Make mee a Caudle' gainst such time I rise
Dy Doctour saith it will doe me noe harme
To put some thing into my bellie warme
The maide lowe-cursefey makes, and cries, forsooth
It shall bee done; soe ambling forth shee gooth
But shee scarce gone, hir back not turned wellie
But th' usher putts warme candles in hir bellie.

83

Boye, bring my horse quoth *Shift*; but doe not targe
This meale I meane to saue an ordynarie
G To

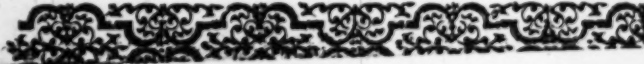


GODDARDS.

To daie my ladie *Shift-of* Ile goe lee
Who will I hope to dynner envite mee:
Ile bring your horſe his boye replies; But ſir.
You'l looſe your labour yf you viſitt hir
Hir Cooke for dynner nothing ready makes
Till dinners paſte ſhee alwaies phiſick takes
Shed not bee ſcene; hir chamber ſhee keepes then.
To eate, and feed, and feed, and eate agen.

84

Why ſhould Ladye my wedd? this maradg knott
Is knitt too faſte: till deathe it looſeth not
And what are huſbandes good for? faith d'yeec heare
For nothing after firſte or ſecond yeare
Therefore my ladyes wiſe: with out controule
(To pleaſe hir bodie) ſhee maie damm hir ſoule:
An vſher ſhee maie haue nowe to hir mind
Nowe vnto what hir Ladiſhipps enclind
ſhee nowe maie haue; hir page to come at call
A wanton monkey elſe to ſport with all
Him maie ſhee ſtroake, laie in hir lapp, make fatt
Doe anie thing with him; yet what a that
Nowe maie ſhee ride, walke, daunce, kiſſe, laughe, lie
downe
What maie ſhee not doe nowe? noe threatring frowne
Noe





WASPES.

Noe austeere looke, noe angry bended browe
Apales hir cheekes, Shees free, lives fearles nowe

*My Ladyes wife; there is noe mary'd wife
Such pleasure takes as shee in single life.*

85.

My ladyes verdingall is wondrous wide
But what a that? shee wear't not soe for pride
Indeed shee doth not sir. yet yf you'd knowe
Why'bout hir bumme soe hudge a hoope doth goe
Ile tell it you. Praie sweet sir vnderstand
Shee for a maide doth goe, as yet vnmand
By vertue of hir vardingall, shee (wellye)
Doth make poore men beleeeue shee hath noe bellie

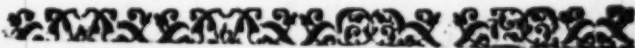
*A rare trick tis: Greate wastes twill make seeme small
And bellies barrell-bigg, seeme naught at all.*

86

My ladye learns hir little page to skipp
I lie Infaith for tis my Ladies whipp
But why think you my Ladye takes such paines
To borrowe from Nedd's brutch such crimson staines
Oh Nedd did feellie at my Ladies back

G ij

my





GODDARDS.

My Ladyes Freind, of which did Edward clack
*Who can excuse the boie? wags sworne to th smock
Should from their tongues such secretts lock.*

87

A Cannon-shaken souldyer lame-lie legd'
Late of a braue Court ladie boldlie begd
Madam (the souldyer cried) praie give releife
Vnto a man dismembred full of greife
*Wantst members knaue quoth shee? oh hang thee then
Wee ladies nere releine dismembred men.*

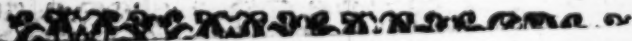
88

If you were wise then would you nere ask why
My Ladyes womans tayle foe oft doth crie
Alas hir vardingales' a doore foe wide
As it letts more winde in then t'can abide
*And thats the cause (Indeed I doe not lie)
Which makes my Ladies womans taile foe crie.*

89

Page (quoth my Ladie) goe shitt the doore. The wind
Whispers to lowde: a Tyrant tis I find

And



WASPES.

And therefore shitt boye shit, shitt-too the doore
Tis good lett badd guests out, but in, noe more.
T'vnhappie wagg (fraught with a knauish witt)
Cryes, Maddam, tis not my office doores to shitt
Praie bidd your gentlewoman doo's: hir face
Doth looke as yf shee would shit eurie place.

90

By wans wife pollicie it hath beene found
That beastes (though nere soe ströge) are alwaies bound
The hudge greate Elaphaunt, the Maystiff Curr
By men are bound; both made they dare not sturt
The princelie lyon by man's speciall witt
Is forced with mildnes in his denn to sit
But womens nere chain'd tongues (beastes smale to
th'eye)
Mans moste engenious witt could neuer tie
Oh men I nere shall hold you trulie wise
'Till to hold them engynns you devise.

91

Things that are bitter, bittr'er then gall
Phisitions holdeth to bee phisicall
Then womens tonges mee thinkes to powder beaten
G iij must

GODDARDS.

Must needes bee soe, yf as a potion eaten
Nothing more bittir is, Therefore I mule
Why they in physick womens tongues nere vse
*Faith prove them Doctors: vse them in a pill:
Things oft helpe sick men which doe sound men kill.*

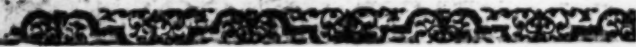
92

A Rev'rend Iudg sitting to rite mens wronges
Cōmaundmēt gaue that all should hold their tongues
At which as dumb a while the Audyence satt
Vntill a woman with hir taile gann chatt
Why who talkes there (the rev'rend father cries?)
All hold their tongues (graue Iudge) the men replies
Onelie a woman troubled here with wind
Vnto hir self (wee thinke) doth breake hir mind
*Indeed quoth hee so much it is to doe
T'make women hold their tailes and their tongues too.*

93

Naie trulie husband, praie nowe husband cease
Perswasions cannot moue and therefore peace
Haue not I saide *I will not?* shewing why
A leading this stronge reason too, *For I*

Mee



15

In Bedd a younge man with his old wife laic
Oh wife quoth hee I've lett a thing to daie
By which I feare I am a looser much
His wife replies, *youthes bargaines still are suche*
Soe turning from him (angrie at hir harte)
Shée vn-awares lets-out a thundring ———
Oh wife quoth hee noe looser I am nowe
A marles greate fauer I am made by you

95



GODDARDS

Theire owne true worthes; yet all men hold mee wise
Nor witt nor wealth I want your loue to merritt
I am noe waie defective but in spirit
Itt spright you want: want you a spright quoth shee?
Know't; were you lord of th' Earthe you gest and mee.

96

Wouldst learne to woe? a Fawknere learne to bee
Wild hawkes by watching are made tame you see:
Soe must thou watch thy wench; what though she's
wild?
Yet watch hir well shalt rule hir as a child
I, caste hir of; yet holdt thou vp thy lure
Then stoope shee will: I, downe shee will be sure.

97

Lisba hath manlie partes; you shall not find
A wenche on th' Earthe that beares a manliere mind
A wrasler she's; she'el trye a fall with anie
A Fencer she's; shath channgd a thrust with manie
An Archer she's; shee laies well to a marke
Drawes home a shaft; nockt right too in the darke
S' hath yet more partes; in parte a souldyers shee
shee fight, whore, drinke, untill shee cannot see.

When



WASPES.

98

When rich mens wiues are dead (to couer them)
They vse t'haue marble stones laide over them
Since t'is an annycient custome I much muse
Why *Harts-head* thou dost not that custome vse
Thy wife was tall, fayre, wittie: such a one
As in hir life would not haue lackt a stone
Therefore *Hartes-head*, t'eternize hir good name
Laie ore hir one, write this vppon the same
Here lies one dead vnder this marble stone
Which when shee liv'd laye vnder more then one.
Vppon hir stone write this: yet dost thou heare
At name of stone sheel rise againe I feare.

99

Smale-witt loues a woman, oh wonder strange!
But wherefore think you? world tis time you channge
Tis tyme; tis high time that you were renewd
When men think women virtuouſhe endewd
Aske him why hee loues hir, vp go'es eyes
For virtue, *For hir virtue* (fir he cries
It is hir virtue onelie (fir faith hee)
That hath ſoe ſence-charmd and ſoe rauisht mee

H

Women



GODDARDS.

Women virtuous? oh straunge vnheard-of Test!
World World; thy latter age it seemes proues best
Fond' *Smale witt* nowe gives not his loue hot chace
As others doe, onelic for flesh and ease
But for hir virtue; tis for hir virtues sake
That makes young *Smale-witt* that chace vndertake
Nowe god be'es speed; praie god the youth maie wynn hir
But's chance is rare yf hee findes virtue in hir.

Conclusion.

100

Clere-cydr bright *Titan* allwaies blusheth redd
When he bectakes him to his *Thetis* bedd
The youth full liuelie god in glowing flame
Sits and lies downe as yf surprisd with shame
But man, oh shameles man! t'is cause hee spies
In's daie-runne course, thy daie-done villanies.

101

My Epigrams make their encrease as men
As Fathers getteth sonns, soe sonns getts sonns agen
Ev'n



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